

CLINTON F. LARSON

THE PRINCES OF GOD

I

The darkness said tyranny!
And poured inward, defining
The breeding swirl of chaos
For the scarabaeidae of time.

The absence of light became
My prayer of darkness, skeining
And reining:

I am that I am,
Not He!

I slip the ravines
Of eternity, sundering them
With night. What dies becomes
My Lord of Love, lost to honor.

Causa, can you affirm
The touch of My velvet mind?

You are the fulness of light
Striking the azure caverns
Leading to me, I the bier
Of darkness inward, the failing
Sail, the wondrous torpor before
The eye:

my fulness, behold!
Dullness in the sun, white
Shade! Wind of my being,
Infinity obscene as life!

I am the perceptible joy
Of death, and you the irruption
Of pain. Your billowing hosannas
Die here, and through my probity
You will see the dun pool
Where I lie, in the failing light
Of the sun.

For now I name
Perdition its antithesis,
O golden excrement!

O Adonai,
My nebula, I acknowledge you!

My pleasure is the trap
Of light, ingenious
And small. If this offends,
I have become the negative,
Our second death!

So why rise
To Grace?

Now in the tyranny
Of your being you dangle me
Over Eden, as explicit
As upper heaven!

Your testament
Burns like canker over me
As your dogma bloats itself
Like the god you must become,
Now like a kite resting
In the bosom of some primal prayer!

I am the fist closed, rancor,
And you the squandering light,
Joyous and clean.

O hateful
Crystal, you flickered out
Of Him, who possesses Himself
Like a gift forevermore!

Look, now, the planes of the Garden
Darken in twilight, and the fens
Reek with my delicate spume!

Go! Go and let me nip
This Adam, and render him
One of us, of earth, and working
Into darkness, sullen
From the heaven over him.

I deny you, Mighty One!
My brotherhood is my hate,
Even for the saint obscene
With my intent. I deny you
In the pen of my rooting malice,
That you parade your glory
In the weary regimen
Of good, as in a charity.

Keep your trinkets of glory,
Actor!

Your haloed head,
Glittering blue and gold,
The lisping tongue offering
The Word, your hearty bosom,
Your fair complexion, changing
Adam's mood for some pavane
Of Awe that makes me diffident:

You are the Christ, and the life
You bring trembles in eternity
As my denial, the harsh
Light that overwhelms even
The thorough inquiry of death.

Go as you are, eternally!

Adam is my change of soul,
For you must thrust me
Into him, so simple and alone
Before me, and surely slipping
Him, through Eve, to die
Savoring my mortality.

Oh, keep the reason lost
To my subtle power and feign
My worthiness in earth
That timbrel good must seem
The trait of Adam's soul,

So go! The golden apex
That stands above is your ego
Glossing in your spite!

And should you live on it
You might enhance the firmament
Above my vacancy like that
Chancre sun: whatever, Brother,
Go before my hate!

The Gospel

Is your venom or inoculum
Denying me, your brother!
That foetal Word, spent
With Love, glistening in your hand
And smirking with life,
That you confirm:

before

You die, die in my esteem!

II

The Light said Freedom!
And danced outward, signing
The circle of creation
With the corona of eternity.

The presence of flame became
Aware of the darkness, wisping
And reigning:

I am that I am,

For I am He!

I held the vales

Of time and laved them with fusions
Of air, and what began kept
My satan for honor, not love.

Brother, can you deny
The integer of His light?

You are the slowing mists
Tumbling in the drafts
Of meaning, I the spikes
Of light outward, the turning
Helm, and quickness before
My eye:

My irony, behold!
Clarity in indigo, an azure
Spirit!

See, vane of my meaning,
Zero tilting into pleasure!

I am the imperceptible pain
Of becoming, and you the down
Of your ease. Ease and lilt
Where you will, and through deceit
You will see the blue star
Trembling, and trying vales
Of the heavens.

For now I name
Them in the swirl of the power
Sustaining them.

Ellipse,
Oval, I acknowledge you!

My laughter is the prism
Of my light, ingenuous
And open.

If this commends,
I have become the integer
Of being.

Why *didn't* you aspire
To grace?

Now in the freedom
Of a vacancy you ripple
Through Eden, implicit
In the earth. Your question
Hovers like a tongue of moss
As your lips secrete the line
Of the other prince you were,
Now with a subtlety that lies
In the slip of alter prayer.

I am the hand open, yielding,
And you the fast darkness,
Brooding and viral.

Ecstasy

Of amber, you strode where
The Ghost is, who was made
The triumvir you might have been!

Look, now, the shades of the Garden
Darken from mauve, and the lush
Fens lend the softening air!

Stay! Stay and challenge
Even Him, and render Adam
One of you, of earth, and working
Out of darkness, trenchant
From the heaven over him!

I would keep you, fallen one!
My brotherhood is my kindness,
Even to the cobra yielding
His slit intent.

I keep you

In an urgency of formal love,
Though you mimic glory
In the sequestering taste
For evil, as in a lechery.

Keep your trinkets of glory,
Actor! Your ruffed head,
Glistering green and amber,
The ticking tongue to foil
The Word, as if to keep it
Silken like your diamond back
And lissome skin, as the changeling
Vestment of your whim:

You are Lucifer, and the earth
You bring trembles in eternity
As all denial, the soft
Oblivion that vanishes even
In the memory of myth.

Stay as tempter, for a time!

Adam is my change of soul
That you might thrust him
Free of me and you, wise
And alone before me, testing
God and our spectral unity
That cannot surely fail, —

Or keep the power lost
To reason and so stain
Corruption into earth
That virile sin must seem
The trait of Adam's soul.

But stay! That ebon depth
That lies beyond is the smoothing
Velvet of a vacancy,
And should you die in it
You will sift as dust before
The winds that rise behind
Your mind:

Whatever, brother,
Stay, and I forgive!

Silence,
Though you glow as fire,
Thridding in the streaming,
Sullen epithets, inviting
Ebony, glistening in my hand
And smirking for the second death,
But you will surely live
If I am never slain!